

Renasence

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Renasence

****A/N: A wacky idea I just cooked upâ€|****

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"_It's all up to us now."

>_**-Commander-117**_

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****METHUSELAH SYSTEM, PLANET; RENASCENTIS, UNSC
BUNKER-01****

Everything was falling apart; the blue lights that adorned the metal walls flickered as the last bastion of defence fell.

Command Sam Shepard sprinted across the walkways, the bridges dissolving into blue petals. It had all come down to this. In the heart of the Reclaimer Chamber, Sam spotted his Sphere. It was reflective chrome, marked with blue lattices. That was where he was going.

Array Activation in 15s

Vaulting up the final walkway, and over the hard-light bridge, Shepard reached the Sphere. He quickly waved his palm over the console, and the seamless ball split open, allowing him entrance.

"Quickly sir!" the Contender Class AI said.

"I'm trying Preston," Sam gritted.

Entering the protective shell, the hatch sealed shut, and the seams disappeared. Carefully, Sam eased himself onto the supporting gravity wells, and floated.

Array Activated

Shepard could only watch as the Sphere projected the image of the Milky Way in front of him. A mist of blue enveloped the galaxy, purging it of all sentient life.

"It has come down to this," he muttered.

Sam closed his eyes and leaned his head back. His armour unlatched itself from his suit and floated away.

"This is Commander Sam Shepard," he said, broadcasting his message over superluminal COM channels. "Is there anybody out there?"

There was no reply.

"They're all gone," he whispered.

"Communications have been scrambled by the Array," Preston said. The AI's avatar appeared right next to Shepard. It or He had taken the image of Admiral Preston Cole. "You might want to contact the others in the ship."

The COM channels switched to Radio. "This is Commander Sam Shepard, is there anyone out there?"

Dozens of acknowledgement lights winked on. Sam smiled as he saw the feeds from Commander-117, Commander Sarah Palmer, Lieutenant Gabrielle Thorne and Admiral Thomas Lasky.

Using his neural interface, Shepard engaged cryo-sleep. He could feel the cold sensation was over his body as he closed his eyes.

"I'll wake you up when it's time sir," Preston said.

It's time for someone else to rise.

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****ARTEMIS TAU CLUSTER, THERUM, ABOARD PROTHEAN VESSEL
TRANVIA****

Tranvia slowly descended upon the planet's surface. Javik had heard of rumours of a godlike race having graced this planet before the fall of the Prothean Empire. The moment the ship touched down, the Prothean General beckoned his multi-race team of aliens to follow him.

Among the team, was an Asari scientist named Liara T'Soni, though extremely young by her specie's standards, she had the wisdom and intelligence of the greatest Matriarchs. Flanked on both sides, were two turians, and three salarians.

The two turians were Saren Arterius, the best Spectre to have ever

graced the halls of the Citadel, and his younger partner, Garrus Vakarian. The two were an inseparable pair, always cracking jokes and brightening up everyone's day with their banter. Javik had taken a liking to the pair, since they, and the help of Liara T'Soni, uncovered him on Vari Prime.

Finally, the three salarrians, were STG Operatives, Major Padoks Wiki, Captain Kirrahe and Professor Mordin Solus. They were the intelligence and recon element of the team, and kept their relationships professional, as do all salarrians.

"Therum," Laira began, "many mining corporations have been here before, but I doubt there would be anything useful."

"There is something on this planet," Javik said, "something even the Reapers feared. The Leviathans have told me of this."

"Superweapon maybe?" Solus hypothesised, "no, already have Crucible. Maybe, yes. Hmmm."

"Calm down Mordin," Garrus said, "we'll get to see it soon enough."

Stepping onto the lifeless planet, covered in grey clouds, Javik ordered his team to fan out.

"What do you expect we'll find?" Saren asked.

"Something beyond comprehension," Javik answered.

The Prothean lead them towards the ruins of the Great Empire, and looked around.

"Another ruin," Garrus shrugged, lowering his sniper rifle.

"Not just any ruin," Liara said, "this one is Prothean dig site."

"Agreed," Mordin added, "depth, structure, layout," he took a quick breath, "all suggest a mining shaft."

"Then let us go in."

The team slowly made their way through the Prothean halls, where the green lights flickered.

"It seems like my people knew of the secrets this planet held," Javik said.

During the Prothean-Reaper War, the Prothean Empire had been divided and cut off from one another. What one faction knew, the other did not. As they reached the lower levels of the shaft, they arrived at a grey door within the vast expanse of an excavated chamber. It looked so out of place against the Prothean surroundings.

"Hmmm, door appears to be protected by a barrier of some kind," Mordin said, scanning the area with his Omni-tool.

Looking around the chamber, Javik spotted an echo-shard hovering on a pedestal. Quickly, he ran over, and touched the object. But instead

of being assaulted by memories, a VI appeared. Its green holographic form took shape of a Prothean Warrior.

"I am the Prothean VI called Seeker," it turned to Javik, "General, good to see you alive."

"What is the meaning of this place?"

"Our scientist have discovered a strange anomaly during the war, and found this."

"What is it?" Javik asked.

"A chamber, estimated to be older than the Reapers."

That statement earned murmurs and gasps from everyone.

"Does this belong to the creators of the Reapers?" Liara asked.

"Unknown, but it is doubtful," Seeker responded, "the designs do not match. The Reapers are shaped like the Suctlefish on the planet Gaia. The design of this installation is angular and trigonometric."

"Can we enter it?"

"We have tried," the VI said, "but even brute force barely made a mark."

Carefully, Liara walked up to the large door, and pressed her hand on the shield. It felt vibrant, soft, silky, and yet dense and durable. A low hum resounded through a chamber, and a port opened just above the Asari's head.

"Our scientist believed that to be a scanner," Seeker said.

A blue light carefully combed up and down the regroup a finally stopped. A low hissing sound came from the door as it parted open, and the shields collapsed.

"By the Goddess," Liara whispered as she entered.

The group made their way onto the deck; it appeared to be a hangar of some kind. Ten ships, the size of a Turian Dreadnought hanged side by side, their nose pointing down. Blue lights streamed across the walls. Everyone could on stare in awe at the sight that lay before them.

"This ship is carrying a Fleet's worth of resources inside it," Kirrahe commented.

A tinkling and trickling sound spread throughout the ship. The team watched in amazement as luminous blue like petals appear out of nothingness and formed a bipedal shape. It stood at about average height, and once it had fully formed, it faded into an array of colours. Its attire appeared to be a military uniform, grey suit with golden insignia and black boots. It's had neatly kept black fur atop its head, and its skin was of a pinkish "orange. The image was similar to the Asari as it had five digits and a slim build.

"What are you," Liara said in awe.

And to everyone's surprise, it answered in Asari tongue.

"I am Preston, the ship's artificial intelligence," it said.

"An AI!" Javik growled, raising his Prothean weapon.

"This installation, a ship?" Solus pondered, "fascinating."

The AI looked at him and raised its eyebrows.

"It looks like it has been awhile."

"What? What has been awhile?" Padoks asked.

"It is best you follow me," the AI said.

"What if you kill us?" Javik asked with a growl.

"And what do I gain from doing that?"

One of the transports roared to life. It was apparent that the AI had commandeered it, and was planning to use it to take the group deeper into the ship.

"I am not getting aboard that thing," Javik said.

"If Preston wanted to kill us," Mordin said, "would've done it already. Best to be humoured."

"The afterlife help you if you're wrong," Javik growled.

The transport flew through the cavernous walkways. The once dormant machines in the vessel awoke, and began to work.

"Is there anyone aboard this ship?" Saren asked.

Preston nodded.

"How many?"

"Twenty thousand."

Liara couldn't help but marvel how lifelike this AI was. There were just so many questions to ask it. Or him. It sounded male. T'Soni wondered how it understood her language if it had been older than the Reapers, or how it seemed comfortable with all these new species. _So many questions to ask,_ the Asari thought.

The transport arrived at some massive chamber, and touched down gently on a landing pad.

"Everybody, please watch your step," Preston said.

T'Soni found herself gazing at the vast expanse of the chamber, illuminated in blue. Elegant spheres were aligned in perfect formation.

"Impressive, anti-gravity generators, no mass effect fields

detected," Mordin commented.

"The occupants will be waking up soon," Preston said, "wait here."

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"_Remember us."

>_**-Admiral David Anderson**_

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****A/N:** So like I said, it's a wacky ideaâ€¦ I'll probably tend to it after I've finished writing ****_**Lost Legacy**_**. ****

End
file.